LOVE'S RUMMAGE SALE.

Principes broken and shattered,
Tokens in and disarray.
Letters all crumpled and scattered,
Firstations faded, passe;
Relics of summertime play,
Roses all wilted and stale,
Idols shorn down to the clay—
This is Love's Rummage Sale!

Hear's that are twisted and battered, Faus that were thick in the fray, Slippers that glided and pattered, Gloves to forgefrainess prey; Bachelors sunk in decay, Elderly maids that bewail, Vanity, pride and display— This is Love's Rummage Sale!

Meaningless words that have flattered, Trinklets and rings thrown away, Vows that are shop-worn and tattered, Courtships that lasted a day; Cab bills one never can pay, Cab bills one never can pay, Weddings that did not prevail, Jealousy, scorn and dismay— This is Love's Rummage Sale!

L'ENVOI.

Princess, has't turned up your way
The hear hat your glance did impale?
Buy it, 't i. heap enough! Aye,
This is Love's Rumnage Sale!
—Harold MacGrath, in Puck.

學學學學學學學學學學學 The Unwelcome Guest &

By Pierce B. Barnard.

HEN Jim Busby returned from the West to his native town of Canaan, did not expect to find his memory canonized. Fifteen years was enough time, he thought, for his fellow townsmen to forget his faults or enlarge upon his virtues Doubtless those people were still alive who, if they remembered the boy at all, would do it to their sorrow; still time usually softens grievances, and Busby, with the aid of his newly acquired wealth, hoped to find some kind of quasi welcome in the quiet town under the elms.

THI

He had never seriously injured any one, he thought, and, although the vildogs might beat a hasty retreat on the return of this prince of practical jokers, the majority of the inhabitants had enjoyed in full measure his many pleasantries.

Busby-now grown up to wealth and dignity-was not a little ashamed of his early pranks, and he determined, as he alighted from the stage and en-tered the city hotel, to sign some fictitious name and look cautiously about the old place to see what his standing might be among the saints at home.

He was highly gratified to find the town unaltered in any particular. We like to see change and progress in the great world at large, but our native place, where we spent the happy years of our boyhood, is blessed with too many memories to admit of any im-

Busby was thankful to find the village parson preaching the same kind of exclusive hereafter that had frightened him into obedience fifteen years before. He congratulated himself on finding the old pump still yielding delicious water from the same cracked spout; to have repaired it would have been an impertinence he felt. He blessed the lazy and penurious school directors for having failed to plug up a single knot hole in the venerable abode of knowledge where a succession of pedagogical tyrants had only partly subdued his spirit of fun.

The external lar marks of Canaan still stood intact, but among the personnel of the inhabitants there were many missing faces.

The old fogies were mostly on deck-Busby's inveterate foes-a little more talkative, malevolent and reminiscent They were whittling on the perhaps. same red fence which had always served as a resting place for the un employed. Jim listened to the records of the young man who had gone West and the girls who had married wealthy men. Some of his old associates occu

positions of honor and trust; in lone well-so well, that ened to ask after himout many misgivings. slight change of expres aces of the old worthies of this wayward youth. nhabitant coughed, the inned, and the venerable the other way with a

> rying moment for Jim. ant glances nettled him nd he could not refrain to his own defence.

an active boy," he

y active!" returned suggestive grin. t knows he never here waren't no didn't practice here of a sudhe'd be felt

grandeur; and his free use of money easily cemented their friendships.

The next day he hunted up his parents in the little graveyard and decided, to replace the wooden headboard with a piece of marble in due time. He also chatted with several old women at work in their gardens, and found Jim Busby had been anything but a favorite of the other sex. It was indeed very discouraging. He felt revengeful.

Finally, in despair, he asked the editor if anything had happened that was worth printing since Jim Busby had

"Nothing to speak of," answered the editor, stroking his chin whiskers, "and we're thankful for it. Fifteen years ago a body couldn't go to without expecting to wake up and find his live-stock on the roof of his house or his black cow whitewashed a pale pink."

"Confound it!" said Jim, out of pa-"You people haven't treated tience. Jim Busby right; you enjoyed his jokes as much as he did."

"Well, what is that to you, please?" "Simply this; I am Jim Busby."

The news spread quickly.
"I don't believe it," said the oldest inhabitant, who stood near.

"That can't be-Jim Busby never behaved himself two days together in his whole life." "Well, it's a fact, any ways," said

Jim. "I've been out knocking round for fifteen years without scarcely a postage stamp to my name, and when I made my stake I thought I'd hunt up a relative or two to share it with me; but I find these people think, when they've got a feller hung, they've done enough for one man."

'Pshaw, Jim!" said one. "If we'd aknowed it was you, it would have been different." Most of the bystanders agreed with

"I, for one, am satisfied Jim Busby was hung," said the deacon. "I got the hull account of it in my scrap-book; but as you seem to be an uncommon good feller I'd like to make your acquaintance-so come over to the house

for dinner and we'll argue the point." "I don't want to destroy any old memory that has been such a comfort to you," said Jim. "so I won't accept your hospitality now, but I do want to make things right. Your fool story about my hanging has blackened my reputation a good deal and helped my aged parents into an early grave, but I'm willing to let bygones be bygones. I want to get solid with future generations and you can help me. The deacon, there, can make a rousing good speech and the editor can give it a send off. To-morrow morning, at three, I want you to take a wagon, with some straw in it, to Canaan Junction. A bronze statue of yours truly will arrive by an early express. Gents, you understand?"

They understood, and although there were serious doubts in the deacon's mind about this being Jim Busly, he wasn't the man to miss an opportunity of making a speech, and he set about preparing a rich eulogium of the practical joker which he rehearsed in his barn the rest of the afternoon.

The oldest inhabitant got out his lemonade stand, the editor issued an extra, and the village brass band prepared to turn out.

The next morning by the dim light of stars they all hied them to the Junction five miles off, and awaited the arrival of the statue of the great It was raining hard, but what of that? Their anticipations made them young again, and they could wait until the train stopped. But the express came and went with nothing but disappointment for the Canganites.

As they returned home a vague feelthe party, and many began to heap maledictions afresh upon the promoter of this fool's errand; but when all got back to the hotel and found their late visitor departed, their worst fears were realized.

It was the deacon who remarked somewhat sadly to the weather-beaten, crestfallen crowd: "Well, I guess that was Jim Busby,

after all."-Waverley Magazine.

The Scottish Regalia. It is rumored in Edinburgh that the

Scottish regalia, which has been kept in the castle for over two centuries, will be temporarily removed to Holyrood Palace when the King holds his court. The regalia, of which the chief is Bruce's crown (used at the coronation of every subsequent monarch of Scotland), were locked up in a room in the castle just after the union in 1707, and brought to light again in 1817, by order of the Prince Regent. During the civil wars some of them were kept in Dunottar Castle, in Kin-cardineshire, which was held by Ogilvy, of-Cromwell's



Where the Short Come Out Long Expedient - A Secret - Pointed Out -Hard to Please-Accounted For The Trunk Habit, Etc., Etc.

In other men's financial loss

There's comfort if we choose—
The millions we've not come across

We've never had to lose.

—Chicago Record-Herald,

An Expedient, "Didn't you have trouble in getting

so many antiques?" "Dear, me, no-I had them made to order."-Detroit Free Press.

A Secret.

He-"So you've been letting other men make love to you?" She-"It's all right dear. Not one of them knew that you and I were engaged."-New York Herald.

Pointed Out.

"Jimmie, I can't recognize you in this group photograph of your school." "You can't? Why-that's me right in the middle-sittin' pigeontoed."-Chicago Record-Herald.

Hard to Please

"I can't get on with that young woman at all."

"What's the trouble?" "Oh, she gets mad when I say she's Cature, and she gets mad when I say

Accounted For.

she's immature.'

Mrs. Slimson-"Willie, your shirt is dripping."

Willie-"Some boys tempted me to go in swimming, and I ran away from them so hard that I got into an awful perspiration."-Harper's Bazar.

The Trunk Habit.

Mrs. Von Blumer - "Well, well, you've been traveling for years, haven't you? When are you and your daughters going to settle down?"

Mrs. Huntman — "I don't know, Why, the very thought of it makes the girls homesick."-New York Herald.

In the Museum.

"The legless man is always putting his foot in it," observed the Living Skeleton to the Snake Charmer.

"What has he done now?" "Last night we were having a friendly little game, and he asked the armless wonder to take a hand."-Baltimore American.

One Doctor's Reasoning.
"How much do I owe you, doctor?" Ten dollars."

"Phew! Your colleague, Dr. Knodler, charges only \$5 for a mild case this."

"That may be; but you must remember that he has a much larger practice."-New York Times.

The Height of It.

"I never see him taking her out for a walk now." "No, they're engaged now, and they

are economizing." "Why, it doesn't cost him anything to take her walking."

"Well, it wears out shoe leather, you know."-Philadelphia Press.

Amiability.
"She has an admirable trait," remarked one woman. "She never gossins."

"It is indeed an admirable trait," answered the other. "Any one who keeps perfectly quiet and lets others monopolize the conversation cannot help being esteemed."-Washington Star.

Sentenced to Hard Labor

"Kind lady, kin yer give a pore deservin' man a bite to eat?"

"Here's a good piece o' cherry pie for you: sit right down on the doorstep and enjoy it."

"Oh, lady; yer means well, but eatin' cherry pie with th' stones in ain't no pleasure-it's work, downright work.

An Encouraging Setback. Mr. Perkins—"Miss Simpson,

heart holds a great secret, but I feel timid about confiding it to you." Miss Simpson-"Well, Mr. Perkins, I can't help you out any; the man who proposes to me, Mr. Perkins, shan't have a chance to throw it up to me that I led him on."-Chicago Record-Herald,

A Significant Word.
"I think," said the gentleman with
the unworldly expression, "that your daughter is now sufficiently advanced to take up the subject of harmony."
"Excuse me," said Senator Sorghum

rather distantly, "but I must remind you that you are employed to teach my daughter music, not politics."— Ington Star.

vretty rage.

BILL ARP'S LETTER

Bartow Man Discusses the Pros and Cons of Marriage.

MATING OF COUSINS A GRAVE MISTAKE

Deef and Dumb Institute Figures Prosented as Proof-Love Is a God-Given "Institution."

When a young man falls in love and resolves to get married I reckon it is a good thing that he is reckless of the consequences. I was, I know, for I never thought of anything except the pretty girl and how happy I would be to get her. I had no thought of trouble or poverty or grief or war or death. The time was far, far away when the silver cord would be loosed and the golden bowl be broken. As for the girl, she is more reckless than her lover, even though her peril is far greater, for hers is to be the pain and suffering, the care and anxiety-the night watching and sometimes the broken heart. It is a mystery to me how the mother endures it all and holds up her head and keeps her strength. But love for her offspring, maternal love, sustains ner. It is the gift of God. There was a marriage in our town the other day, and as the crowds gathered at the church, our neighbor, Mrs. Felton, stopped in the veranda to rest and see the battle from afar. She was, as usual, merry and sad by turnssometimes the tears were glistening in her eyes and soon she laughed merrily and showed her pearly teeth. When the bridal carriage arrived she gave a maternal sigh and whispered, "Poor things, they little know what is ahead of them." Suddenly she branched off into a story about her little pet mule colt that is now her daily comfort. "It watches me at the window," she said, 'and when I go out it runs to me and lays its head on my arm and almost nestles in my bosom. Mary's lamb was not more loving. It bites and kicks at everybody else, but runs to me and fawns upon me with perfect adoration." She laughed again, but all at once the corners of her mouth drooped to an angle of 45 degrees and her voice trembled as she said: "But, major, I have at last come down to hard pan and misery in my old age. No cook, no help of any sort, and though yesterday was my sixty-fourth birthday, I had to pull the buggy down to the branch and wash it. Oh,my country! She cried a little and then laughed a good deal more. Pearly tears and pearly testic are attractive features in a woman. Nevertheless, between pet-ting mule colts and wasking buggles she still finds time to plead for the education of the poor country girls of north Georgia.

But what kind of a girl should a young man marry? Of course, she must be born of respectable parents; she should be virtuous; she should have a good, loving disposition and a fair education. She should be healthy and have no taint of her lover's ancestral blood in her veins. All of these qualifications have been discussed and treated over and over again, except the last. I am inspired to say something about that because its importance has long been overlookedther poets nor philosophers nor scientists have written upon it no any warning. A letter recently received from a young man in Mississippi asks if there is anything wrong in a man marrying his cousin. Yes; very, very wrong. The answer is found in records of the asylums for the deaf and dumb and blind. Their chief patronage comes from the intermarriage of cousins. These institutions cost our state about \$75,000 a year, and half of the expense could be avoided if the intermarriage of cousins was prohibited. I have not the reports of the blind asylum before me, but I know of three blind children of one family who were sent there, and they were the offsprings of parents who were cousins. I know of five children of one family who were sent to our deaf and dumb institute at Cave Spring. Their parents were double cousins They had but one child who could hear and speak. She was a good-looking country girl. She married a clev er young man who hauled wood for me. Soon after his marriage he moved to Texas and hired to a cattle man, and was so faithful in his service that in a few years he bought an interest in the ranch and prospered. I met him at Waco sixteen years after he left Georgia, and he was said to be worth \$100,000, and his two elder daughters were at a boarding school at Waco, 12 miles from his home. He had six Mdren, and, alas; one of them was he taint had cropped out in

eneration. onnor, the faithful and cipal of our deaf and has tabulated

parentage of his pupils years, and reports that in producing 48 mutes the first cousins. In 12 fat. ing 19 mutes the parents v cousins. In 11 families promutes the parents were third co Altogether there were 97 mute of dren of parents closely related. Of the 400 deaf mutes 193 had d parents, an. many of these de rents are no doubt the offspring intermarriage of cousins.

Among these 400 pupils 59 riages have occurred and there been born to them 110 children whom can hear and 21 are m 19 of the marriages there were dren born. Now, after one, taree mutes have been born cession to parents, it would sin, if not a crime, for them more. The law should prohibit if this cannot be done after m the remedy for the future is hibit the intermarriage of co yes, and second cousins. To h deaf or blind is a sin against the and to have it supported by the is a drain upon the treasury that be avoided.

But being deaf or blind is the evil that follows these inc marriages. If the children and deaf or blind they are generally some physical disability. The consumptives or epileptics or and pass through life and learning the consumptive of the consumptive or epileptics or and pass through life and learning the consumptive or epileptics. sign. Fortunately most of such riages result in no progeny.

"Oh, well," some say, "the L ca law did not prohibit it." did not, and I reckon that Cain ried his sister. We know that ham married his half sister, as doubt that is why no children born to them except one by gm their old age.

But it is said that the Roman and the laws of England permit marriages. Yes, the Roman la until Pope Alexander II stopped prohibited first, second and third ins from intermarrying. The li England permitted such marriag cause the kings and the nobility ed to keep the crown and the and their estates in their fa And so our American people, who patterned after English law and cedent for more than a hundred v have been reluctant to make change in this regard.

But the question is now comb the front, and the time is coming a change. it seems now to be a tablished and universal rule these marriages entail upon the spring evil consequences, bodily mentally, or both. The evil effect what is called "breeding in" an animals leads to the conclusion it is an universal law. Good s blooded stock, is not perpetuated that way. Heard a conceited man clare that he was descended from Carrolls, of Carrollton, in old M land. Suppose he did. That was generations back and would give sixty four ancestral fathers and mers, and hence he had only one six fourth part of one Charles Carrolood in his veins. I know a lady boasts that her father count traclineage back to fromwell. That eighteen generat one back, and give him 512220 ancestors—not well. 519 22,0 ancestors not I give him of Crom well's ood in her. It is s how apidly the ance tonishing iens. wo generations man cly four great-gi tree wid gives a fathers and gradmothers, but tw generatio ns give him over a mi Just thir ik of it young man, and bragging about your ancestors, there are over a million diffe

doubt some of it s bad—yery bad wife's grandfath the was a Holt and blood a your veins, an grandfather w g. andfather wa Randolph, an g. andfather wa Lord Rofe, wh That was ten t gives m; wife therefore she ha Poky's food (n. 1,1,024) Poky's tood in the new ans to me alim stran, it so has to me na Injun about her. One day I ve to ask her about the other 1,02; that did not come from Poky a never sall anything, but looked in a peculiar tone of voice t minded me it was none of m ness. But I honor a noble at I used to think that maybe I i ed from Captain John Smith, investigation found that he a r married and had no chil speak of .- Bill Arp, in Atlanta tution.

A Redeemer of Slum Chi At the age of eight Smyly, a well-known phi just died in Dublin, children are maintained tablished through her ex still a very young woman little school for poor child loft in a Dublin slum. Sh less than \$60,000 per ar cause of the destitute chile lin. As the result of her homes and four free day-been established in the city operation with the Bird's N. town, have turned many the hopeless alum children into useful citizens of the Britis